Dee Dee Blinded Me With Science

This story is an adaptation of Dee Dee Transformed Me With Science by Miss Mako.

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5 minutos de lectura

· Ver original

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In Dexter's secret laboratory, the young genius was working on his latest experiment. Typically, that usually meant he was trying to keep his annoying sister Dee Dee out of his lab or she was doing something that was messing up his experiment. But for once, Dexter actually wanted Dee Dee's help (which he could barely believe himself."

"Watcha doing, Dexter?" asked Dee Dee, looking over his shoulder as he typed.

"Be quiet, Dee Dee!" said Dexter, "For years, I have been looked down upon by my peers. Never taken seriously because of my small stature." After he finished typing his program, he walked over to his newest invention, a glass chamber with a monitor set outside of it. "But that will all change. I will go from a cupcake to a beefcake!"

"What is that, Dexter?" asked Dee Dee.

"This is my greatest creation ever," said Dexter boastfully, "The Hormone Harmonizer uses a special gas that directly affect a subject's body chemistry to-" But of course, to Dee Dee, most of that came out as 'blah, blah, blah'. But she at least got the idea that the machine could change people.

Dexter entered the glass chamber and pointed at the monitor outside it. "When I tell you, push the return button, Dee Dee!"

Dee Dee at the controls with interest. The monitor currently read 'Program 1103: Transformation into 21 Year Old Man'. Ever curious, Dee Dee poked at the other buttons on the control.

"What are you up to, sister?" asked Dexter, unable to see what Dee Dee was doing from within the chamber.

"Nothing," lied Dee Dee. She hit the arrow buttons a few times. That ought to put it back to what it was before.

Not expecting the imminent disaster, Dexter said, "Finally! I will be the smartest, most handsome man in the world! Press the button, Dee Dee!" Dee Dee pushed the return button. It should be close enough to what Dexter wanted, right?

Immediately, the chamber started filling up with purple gas. Quite soon, Dexter was yelling, "Oh, the horror! The horror!" But Dee Dee wasn't freaked out yet. Dexter was always saying that kind of thing. Through the transparency of the glass and the translucency of the gas, Dee Dee could see her brother growing. "Oooooo…

You're taller than me now!" said Dee Dee with excitement.

However, that was when Dexter's transformation started to make a terrible turn. His chest started inflating out into two large globes. His small backside was also inflating, his hips growing out into a curvy shape. Even his hair was seen growing much longer. He grasped at his swollen chest and asked in a lighter, softer voice, "Boobies? Why do I have boobies?"

When the chamber opened, Dexter stepped out. The Hormone Harmonizer definitely made Dexter 21, but everything else was wrong. Instead of being a handsome young man, Dexter was now a beautiful young woman. Her red hair had grown until it reached her shoulder blades. It was clear that she had inherited her mother's incredible curves. Her lab coat was ripped pretty badly, exposing a lot of her new cleavage. But her pants had almost been completely destroyed by her bountiful hips, her round rear, and extremely curvy legs. Her hourglass figure made her waist look impossibly tiny. Miraculously, her gloves and boots have managed to survive the transformation, as her hands and feet have remained tiny.

"Dee Dee! What have you done to me?!" shrieked Dexter in her new womanly voice.

"Nothing," lied Dee Dee, looking with amazement at her sister's new body.

Dexter wobbled towards the monitor, not used to walking on such long legs. She looked down at it and said, "Oh no! Dee Dee, I can't read the screen!"

"Try looking without your glasses," suggested Dee Dee.

Dexter removed her glasses from her eyes, surprised at how much clearer her vision was without them. Well, at least the machine did something right. She looked down at the monitor's screen and what she saw filled her with horror: 'Program Complete: Transformation into 21 Year Old Female. IQ = 70.'

70? That was way too low. She used to be, uh, twice as smart as that? "I'm, like, becoming a bimbo!" cried Dexter, her tone shifting a lot, "My head… It hurts to think!"

Dee Dee was less than concerned about Dexter's smartness. "Yeah! I always wanted a big sister!" she said, starry-eyed.

'Having a little sister wouldn't be so bad,' thought Dexter, *'No, stop! I need to stay smart! Can't lose genius! E=Mickey Square! The square root of 144 is eleventy-six. 1+1=…kitty…'* But the struggle was futile. Her brain's rewritten chemistry was just unable to hold her vast knowledge. As a smile crossed her face, Dexter's genius and former personality complete shut down.

"Like, oh my god, Dee Dee! Check out my big boobies!! I'm so incredibly hot. Heeheeheehee," said Dexy excitedly as she jiggled her boobs, her unidentifiable Eastern-European accent completely replaced by a dizty, Beverly Hills one, "We should go out and have fun. Look for cute boys!"

It was not hard to convince their parents to let the sisters go out. In fact, they did not act surprised at all that they now had an adult daughter. But then, they weren't really the most observant of people. Or maybe all those frequent mind-wipes made them rather suggestible. Dexy's mom even had a blue mini-dress she could wear that matched Dee Dee's.

“Now don’t be out too late, girls. Dexy, I want you to make sure your little sister is back before ten, okay?” said their mother.

“Sure thing, Mom,” said Dexy.

“Have fun!” said their mom cheerfully as her daughters walked off into the night.

“Bye Mom!” they both called.

However, Dexy’s choice of having a good time was discomforting to Dee Dee. She wasn’t even sure they could have gotten into the nightclub in the first place if Dexy hadn’t given the bouncer an eyeful of her cleavage. The colored lights, the techno music, and the large crowd were things that Dee Dee hadn’t seen before. And this was definitely not the kind of dancing she saw in her ballet class. “Dexy! I don’t think Mom would like us being here!” she called, though her voice was practically drowned out by the loud music and the cheering crowd.

Dexy couldn’t care less about that. Her smaller mind was free of so many inhibitions. She didn’t think twice about dancing with so many strangers. In fact, she had gotten onto one of the small stages and start swinging around the pole. The patrons really loved that, especially since her barely-covered bottom was exposed most of the time. They were throwing lots of dollars up at Dexy. Dexy excited called to her sister, “Dee Dee, you so gotta try this! I, like, make so much money just dancing around!! Wheeeeeee!!

To be continued…